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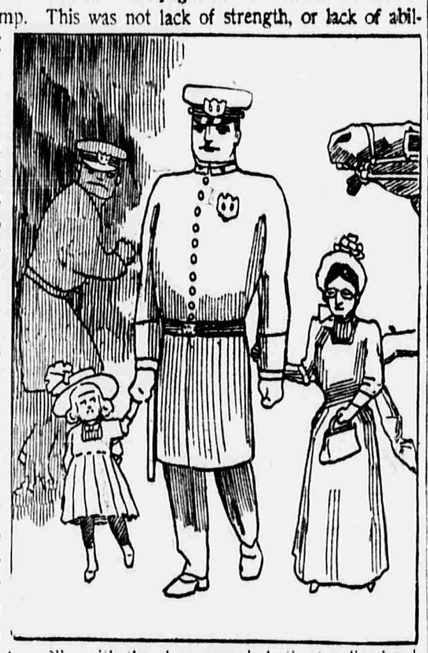
POLICE CONTRASTS.

IN athletes like Sheridan, Flanagan, McGrath and Sheppard New York has policemen of whom to be proud—men of clean lives, of wholesome careers. They have no park house keys, neither do they collect nightly sidewalk tribute.

That is the great good athletics does. No man can lead a drunken or vile life and be a successful athlete. No man can load his body down with alcohol and drugs and then take the world's championship by propelling that body higher and further and faster than any one else.

The human mechanism, like any other machine, is dependent for its best working on the best of intelligent care. When Mike Murphy was training the American Olympic team his instruction was fully as important mentally as physically, and the training was of the mind and the morals as well as the body.

Athletic victories really depend more upon skill than upon strength. If the Italian Dorando had better knowledge of how to husband and handle his strength he would have won the Marathon race. Instead he collapsed. Another runner whom Jack Hayes passed near the finish was far ahead and feeling so good about it that he stopped to take a drink of champagne, and then with the champagne in his stomach started off again and had a cramp. This was not lack of strength, or lack of ability, but lack of using his brain and taking care of himself.



What a shame it is that these clean police athletes have to associate with men in uniform who take engaged girls to park houses or with such loathsomeness as the plain clothes policemen who help the bondsmen collect station-house graft from women who walk the streets at night!

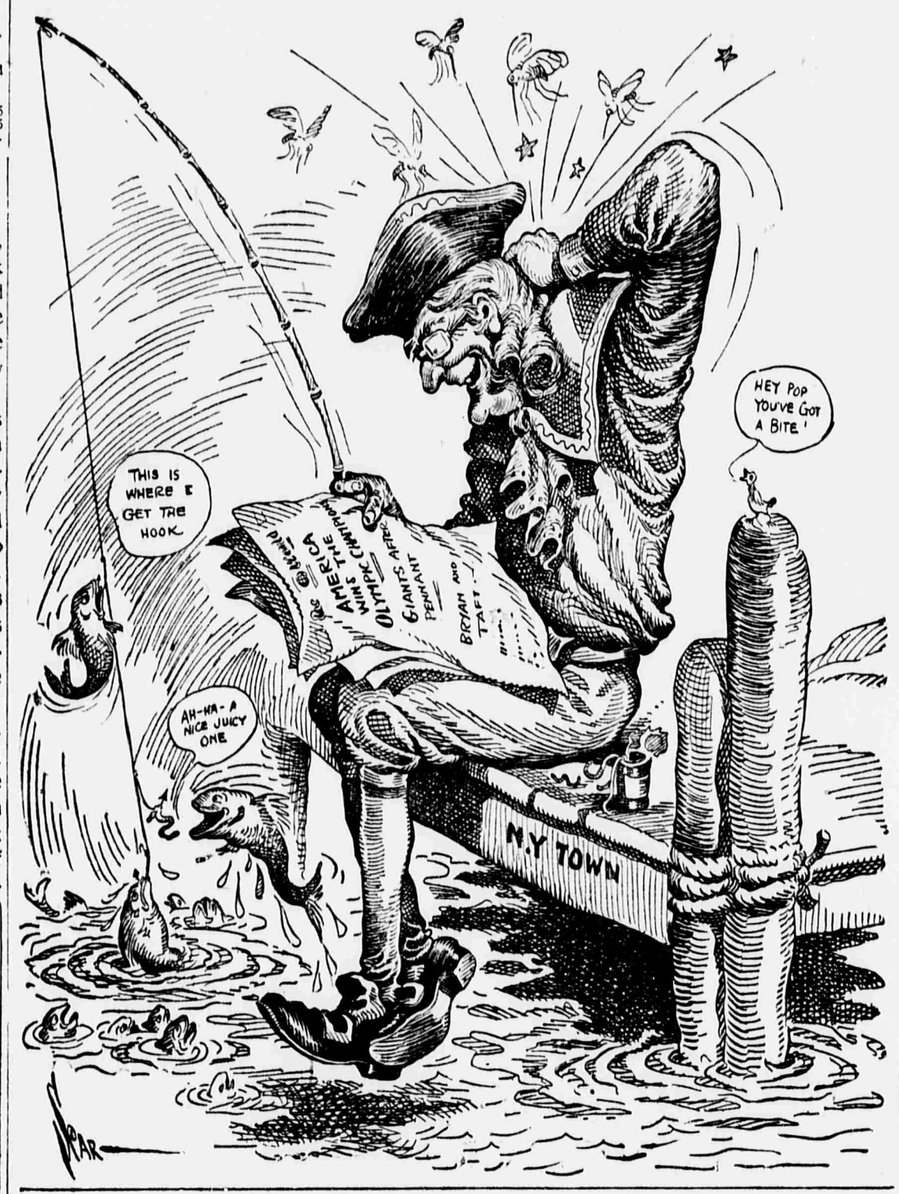
Contrast Magistrate Finn's question to the plain clothes policemen — "Do you think you can drive these women around like dogs or slaves?"—with the clean records both at police headquarters and on the athletic field of the New York policemen who contributed so materially to America's great Olympic victory.

Such policemen as those on the Olympic team make most glaring contrast with those wearers of the uniform who lead young girls astray, who abandon their legitimate wives and children, who demoralize the neighborhoods they are sent to patrol, and whose minds, like their bodies, are gross and vile. The New York police force has so much good material, so many brave men, so many athletic men, that there is all the more reason for having a good house cleaning, and for Commissioner Bingham to purify the force by a process of drastic purging which would include many captains and some inspectors, besides a few hundred men of lower rank.

The difficulty with the police situation is that the bad policemen stand together and that the good men are not similarly bound by the ties of graft. The corrupt captain secures promotion for the wardman who collected for him. The desk lieutenant who shares with the station-house bondsman sees that easy work and no complaints are given to the policemen who bring in profitable prey. The faithful men pound the sidewalk, have the difficult beats, long hours and the hard work. If they are too conscientious they are likely to have trouble and to face charges on matters of petty discipline until they are crowded from the force.

Plenty to Do.

By "Scar."



Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle Discuss Their Husbands, and Lay a Trap to Spoil Their Saturday Afternoon

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I WAS just coming over to your house to see you," said Mrs. Jarr, as Mrs. Rangle dropped in on her.

"Well, don't let my visit keep you away," said Mrs. Rangle affably. "You know we are such old friends that I keep no account of calls due [illegible]."

"Oh, that's only done by people who really do not care for each other," said Mrs. Jarr. "If I didn't like you and you didn't like me, all I need do is not to return your call and, as you wouldn't come to see me till I did, neither would bother the other."

Mrs. Rangle thought this over a minute, wondering to herself if there were any hidden meaning in Mrs. Jarr's words, as women have a way of saying many a true word with a smiling face, and, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Jarr did owe her a call. She decided, however, that Mrs. Jarr's remarks were not personal, or at least to wait till she got another indirect slap of the same sort before believing they were.

"Well," said Mrs. Rangle, "it occurred to me that as you hadn't gone anywhere for the summer yet and neither have we, it would be nice if the two families went on little trips for the day together. Your husband and mine get on nicely together."

"They get on altogether too nicely," said Mrs. Jarr. "That's the trouble, and I do wish your husband wouldn't keep my husband out so much."

"My husband?" asked Mrs. Rangle in surprise. "Why, Clara Jarr, the shoe is on the other foot! It's your husband that keeps my husband from coming home, and not only that but when he is home and steps out for a minute I know I might as well go to bed and give him up till all hours when I see your husband join him at the corner."

"We won't quarrel about them," said Mrs. Jarr, calmly; "they're not worth it."

"If you mean to say my husband isn't worth it"—began Mrs. Rangle.

"I said it wasn't worth quarrelling about," said Mrs. Jarr, coldly. "Of course I'd be glad to have a day's outing, only we'd have all the care of the children and those two men would wander off"—

"We could make them stay with us by taking the money when we started out," suggested Mrs. Rangle, "and a day at Rockaway would be nice for the children."

"Mr. Jarr will be home shortly, I hope," said Mrs. Jarr, "suppose you speak to him about it? I'd love to go."

"What's the matter with you telling him?" said Mrs. Rangle. "I wanted you to come over to our house and suggest it to Mr. Rangle."

"I don't mind that so much," said Mrs. Jarr, "but just at present I'm not speaking to Mr. Jarr. He has to come home early Saturday afternoon, and he telephoned me it was raining and he had a new suit on and a new straw hat and he thought it best to stay where he was."

"I'm not speaking to Mr. Rangle either," said Mrs. Rangle, "and for the same thing!" Here she sighed. "I suppose they were together, as usual. So that's why I wanted you to come over and suggest the outing."

"We'd have a lovely time to go on an outing and not speaking," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, that would be all right," said Mrs. Rangle. "You and I are on speaking terms, Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle never quarrel, and I could talk to Mr. Jarr and you could talk to Mr. Rangle."

"But they'd be sure to go off together," said Mrs. Jarr, "and if I'm not speaking to Mr. Jarr how could I get his money or how could you get Mr. Rangle's money?"

"We wouldn't need to go in bathing, and if the men went in they would have to leave their pocketbooks and money with us, wouldn't they?" said Mrs. Rangle. "And then if we were not speaking to them we need not give them back. I do hate to have a fuss with Mr. Rangle on a Saturday, because it does embarrass one to have to send one of the children to tell papa that mamma needs money to pay the bills."

"That's why I try to keep my temper on Saturday's," said Mrs. Jarr. "But men are an awful trial; and yet they'll tell you they should have an afternoon off. Even the hired girl gets that."

"They shouldn't have it when they have their week's pay with them!" said Mrs. Rangle. "No man is to be trusted."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mrs. Jarr. "When they come home this evening we'll pretend nothing has happened and propose the outing. Maybe they won't stay away another Saturday afternoon, and if they do I won't put up with it for my part."

"Neither will I!" said Mrs. Rangle, firmly. "They only impose on you if you are soft with them!"

He Had Been Told That the Girl Was

A Schoolmarm

and Keyed His Conversation a Bit High

By Joseph A. Flynn

JOS. A. FLYNN

THEY were seated in the shadow on the porch of the summer hotel. In front of them lay a large, silent lake, surrounded with waving trees, while off in the distance huge hills appeared to be flirting with the stars. She was a tall, stately girl, with a pretty face, and he—well, he was an ordinary, every-day man. He had been informed that she was a school teacher, and therefore directed his conversation accordingly.

"What a happy and pleasant task it must be to teach the young," he commenced, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Yes," she coldly replied.

"I have been given to understand that you take great delight in cultivating tender minds and implanting the seed of knowledge and righteousness in young and innocent hearts. Do you?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, looking straight ahead.

"What a noble work you girls perform," he said.

"Yes," she replied, almost mechanically.

"You are heroines in the great battle of life," he went on, "and deserve something more than an earthly reward."

"Yes," she replied, unmoved by this compliment.

"When the youngsters now in your care grow up to manhood and womanhood, filled with patriotism and actuated by noble motives, they certainly will bless you," he said.

"I hope so," she rejoined, quietly interrupting two mosquitoes in the act of dissecting her right ear.

"I have often yearned for another path in life," he continued, "and have often wished that nature had fashioned me into something else besides a mere soap salesman; but then we are not all alike in this world, are we?"

"No," she answered, endeavoring to stifle a yawn.

"I suppose you're a great reader, eh?" he asked.

"Not so much," she replied, stifling another yawn.

"If I were well educated and interested in books and things we could talk better on this subject, couldn't we?" he went on.

"Perhaps," she replied.

He leaned back in his chair and relit his cigar, utterly at a loss for further words, and inwardly cursing his lack of information on educational topics. Of course, he couldn't talk soap to her. The band in the casino near by struck up a well known waltz and his feet moved in time with the music. How about asking her to dance? No, she looked so cold, so uninviting, perhaps if he asked her she might deliver him a lecture on the evils of that sinful pastime. Then again, she might not. Anyway, he'd try. Leaning forward, he whispered, "Do you think you could get away with a couple of dances?"

"Do I!" she almost screamed, sitting bolt upright, and hurriedly fixing a few strands of hair which had been tossed about by the gentle zephyrs. "Lead me to it!"

"Then you don't want to discuss pedagogy?" he asked in amazement.

"Disouss fiddlesticks!" she replied. "I get handed enough of that dope for ten months out of the year, and, besides, dancing has got it beat a mile."

With a cry of joy he sprang to his feet, and soon, all smiles, they were both skipping over the shining boards to the tune of a two-step, and calling each other by their first names.

Moral—There is a time and a place for everything.

Signal for Shaves.

THERE is another terror added to the burden of the bashful man who enters an up to date barber shop. The moment he enters the door the woman cashier taps a bell on her desk and all the barbers who are unoccupied spring to the army attitude of "attention" by the side of their chairs. The moment the patron selects a chair the cashier taps the bell again, the military attitudes are relaxed and the waiting barbers go back to that listless waiting that is so much a portion of their workaday hours.

20 Husbands -:-

All of Them More or Less Undesirable.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

No. 18—The Husband That Is Mother's Darling Boy

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

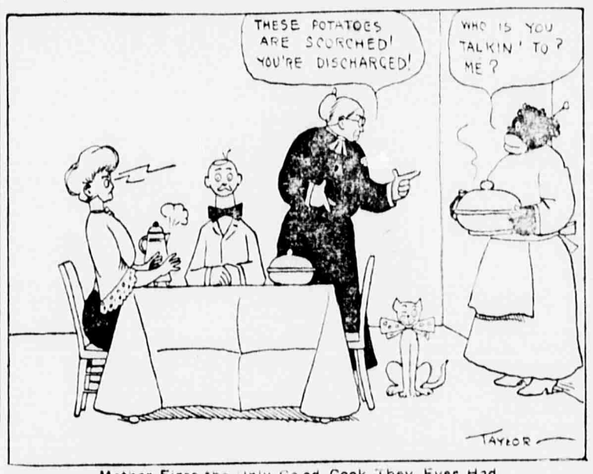
THE only way a woman can be sure that she is not about to acquire the Husband That Is Mother's Darling Boy is to adopt a mate from an orphan asylum. The mother-in-law joke when perpetrated on a man may remain more or less of a joke through all the vicissitudes it entails. But when it is played upon a young wife it assumes the proportions of a tragedy.

A man at least has the privilege or remaining away from an objectionable mother-in-law during the day. The wife of Mother's Darling Boy, on the contrary, is likely to begin to hear about her shortcomings from her severest critic as early as 9 in the morning, and to be compelled to endure the disagreeable illad till the Darling Boy takes mother home at night—that is, of course, unless she decides to stay a week.

The Darling Boy has, of course, given his mother the freedom of his home.

Eleven o'clock finds her in the kitchen doing her best to alienate the affections of a cook it took a month to find and six to acclimate.

"Mary," she says at luncheon, "I notice that your cook peels the potatoes



Mother Fires the Only Good Cook They Ever Had.

very thick. Are you sure your grocer is no relative to her? These people all stand together. You shouldn't permit such dreadful waste. It's not fair to John. You may not care about these things. You are young and thoughtless. But I cannot sit with my hands folded while my son is being robbed"—

All the time John's mother knows perfectly well that the cook is listening. She has the high, strident voice common to slightly deaf old ladies, and she puts herself to no pains to lower it.

John's wife smiles amiably, though her soul is sick with dread.

Later John comes home to dinner, serene, smiling, deferentially docile to the visiting tyrant and correspondingly bossy to his wife.

During dinner his mother manages to point out to him the number of things that should make him unhappy—the children look delicate; they seem to her rather backward; the little boy uses the language of a street urchin. To all these plaints her Darling Boy lends a sympathetic ear. It does not even strike him as extraordinary or out of place when she undertakes to fire the cook.

Nor does he think it disloyalty to run and tell his mother of his wife's shortcomings whenever there has been a family row. Never having been emancipated from the maternal yoke, his mentality suggests that of a human kangaroo carried about in a pocket of his mother's mind. He should never have married, for he will never be happy with a woman who would not accept a corner of the maternal pocket and live happily in it.

And no such woman, luckily for the race, exists.

Jealousies in the Chorus.

By Elmer B. Harris.

I SUPPOSE there are lots of little jealousies in the chorus, I continued, like a reporter.

"Jealousies—oh, la, la! I remember a ballet dancer who had it in for me because I didn't wear symmetricals and she had to, though she never admitted it. 'Symmetricals!' she'd say, and put her nose up this way—see?—this way. 'I don't even have to wear garters!'

"And my very only dear, I wish you could have seen them—like Christmas tree stockings; you couldn't tell which were oranges and which knees. Well, anyway, she had a beautiful figure from the 'front,' and there was a fellow in love with her. Oh, he was the sickest thing! My word! Trembled so he couldn't light a cigarette, and got all sobbed up whenever she spoke to him. A prize fighter. One night she and me were coming out of the theatre together and he met us, and she, as usual, gave him her bundle to carry. Just as we got into the light at the corner it dropped and smashed open on the cement. And there, right in plain sight, like somebody who had fallen thirty-five stories and had all her bones broken, were the symmetricals!

"'Good gracious, kiddo,' he says, 'what's them?'

"'That's what you're in love with,' says I."—American Magazine.

There Is Danger in Telephones.

By Dr. Francis J. Allan.

ONE can scarcely picture a more suitable place for harboring organisms of all kinds than a dark telephone booth, with its stagnant air and dirty floor, the dust of which is brought in from the street and stirred up and inhaled by every fresh caller.

There is, moreover, the risk that organisms of a pathogenic character may be left behind by persons suffering from such complaints as diphtheria, influenza or consumption. In five of the six mouthpieces tested the results obtained were negative as regards tubercle, but the examination of the sixth swab revealed the presence of typical tubercle bacilli, says Dr. Francis J. Allan, in the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. As these call-boxes are at present constructed and situated, it is difficult to imagine how in the absence of regular disinfection and cleansing they can be anything but the breeding-ground for germs. No doubt it is difficult to construct booths which shall be efficiently ventilated and at the same time prevent outside sounds penetrating and conversation being overheard, but it ought not to be an insuperable difficulty. The other condition (that the booths should be kept bacterially clean) presents no difficulty. Soap and water are always available, while the thorough spraying of the booth and the instrument with an approved disinfectant solution once a day might be carried out with very little labor and at a trifling expense. I am given to understand that by arrangement with the post-office the whole of the London Stock Exchange telephones—some forty or fifty in number—are sprayed daily with a disinfectant. In view of the infective condition of many of the public booths and instruments, the extension of this practice cannot be regarded as anything in excess of what is urgently demanded in the interest of the public.

Damascus's Vital Statistics.

THE French Government, wishing to observe some vital statistics in regard to certain Turkish provinces, sent the usual blanks to the provincial governors with the request that they be answered. The following is a copy of the reply received from the Pasha of Damascus:

Q. What is the death rate in your province?
A. It is the law of Allah that all should die; some die young and some die old.
Q. What is the annual number of births?
A. God alone can say; I do not know and hesitate to inquire.
Q. Are the supplies of water sufficient and of good quality?
A. From the remotest period no one in Damascus has died of thirst.
Q. Give general remarks as to the character of local sanitation.
A. A man should not bother himself or his brother with questions that concern only God.

Why Always a Black Bible.

WHY should our Bibles always be bound in black? was a very pertinent question put by Bishop Tugwell. The Bishop viewed with satisfaction the many Bibles and prayerbooks of the Religious Tract Society bound in bright red cloth instead of the hitherto invariable black, a cloth which is mostly associated with what is melancholy. Bishop Tugwell would no doubt appreciate the brighter and more attractive colors for his heathen converts more especially.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Letters from the People.

No Harmless Method.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What should a young man of seventeen years of age do to keep from growing taller? D. J. H.

There is no harmless method of checking growth. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, sleep nine hours a night and eat wholesome food. Avoid liquor and tobacco.

Opening His Letters.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been married a short while and have some trouble about my letters. I wish wise readers' advice on the subject. My wife has a habit of opening my letters. I wish to know if it is right for a woman to open her husband's mail. Kindly let married readers discuss this. ANDREW.

Commuters and Whiskers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Paterson Commuter" asks why so many commuters wear whiskers and so few are stout men. It is quite evident that since the commuter in question is from Paterson he travels via Erie Railroad. Has he considered that perhaps many of these whiskered commuters were smooth shaven when they boarded the train? Also it is an established fact that people compelled to go a long time without food lose in weight. The beard on some men's faces grows faster than on others. Now, the question comes up, "How slow must a man's beard grow to prevent him having whiskers travelling from Paterson to New York on an Erie train?"

ANOTHER COMMUTER.
Newark, N. J.

Clerks and Courtesy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Saleswomen in many small stores are prone to treat their men customers better than their women customers. I know for a fact that some salesmen are right on the job when a nice girl or woman comes in the store. L. W. S.

Health and Cars.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why is it that the thousands of men and women who ride daily on our different cars don't insist that the Board of Health disinfect those cars? For we all know that the signs about "spitting on the floor" are often ignored. We women who have nothing to say about the laws are the ones who get our skirts full of germs, and take them into our homes to our children and our sick ones. What should we do, readers? A WOMAN.

No. Son Is Already a Citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it necessary for a young man to receive his citizen papers to become a voter if he is an American born and his father is of foreign birth and not a citizen? A. H.

Languid Leland Lands a Little Lunch

By George Hopf